

MY ACCIDENTAL HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE !

824 Chapter 823

Keira fell silent when she heard this.

Erin and Jenkins exchanged a glance, then turned their heads toward Sean with a shared look of curiosity.

Androgynous? Did that mean...?

While they were thinking this, Sean's cold voice came through: "What are you staring at? Keep it up and I'll gouge your eyes out!"

The two immediately felt a chill down their spines and quickly looked away.

That sense of pressure, one they'd known since childhood, clamped down on them, making them uneasy.

When Clownfish said he'd gouge their eyes out, it might have been a threat from someone else, but from him? It was the real deal.

When they were in kindergarten, someone had offended "her", and "she'd" threatened, "I'll knock all your teeth out!"

And that person really had lost all their teeth...

While the other two had turned away, Keira didn't flinch. She kept her gaze fixed on Clownfish's direction.

Surprisingly, Sean didn't snap at her but only sneered. "Aren't you afraid I'll gouge your eyes out, Miss Olsen?"

Keira remained calm. "If you gouge my eyes out, you won't have anyone to cook for you."

Sean paused for a moment.

He didn't fear death—he was even willing to go down with anyone if needed—but he couldn't stand the feeling of hunger.

The sensation of not being able to eat was unbearable, and he didn't want to go through that again...

He inhaled deeply. "You should be thankful you can cook. Otherwise, I wouldn't tolerate you for a second!"

His personality was so twisted, stubborn, and completely different from that warm, noble young master he seemed to be.

Keira locked eyes with him. "So, are you really androgynous?"

"Don't be ridiculous!" Sean snapped. "How could I possibly be androgynous? I'm just—"

At that point, he suddenly took a deep breath, and his tone softened. "Let me explain, Miss Olsen."

Then, just as suddenly, his voice turned sinister. "Fine, you explain."

Sean softened again and looked at Keira with a smooth smile. "Miss Olsen, my apologies. That was my sister."

Keira was perplexed.

Jenkins and Erin were both intrigued.

Their ears perked up, and Erin even instinctively pulled out a pistachio, ready to snack!

But in the next moment, Sean shot them a cold glare, and Erin quickly put the pistachio away, too frightened to eat.

She didn't want her eyes gouged out... oh no...

Keira studied him, and after a long pause, she finally realized something. "Is it dissociative identity disorder?"

Sean gave a bitter laugh. "Yes."

He lowered his gaze. "In my family, the heir has to be a girl. So, since I was a kid, my mother told me I was a girl. That caused some confusion about my gender identity, and I really thought I was a girl. As I grew older, a secondary personality formed. That's my sister."

At this point, Sean paused, a bitter smile playing on his lips. "Actually, since childhood, she's been the dominant personality. I've always been the secondary one."

He let out another bitter chuckle. "I'm the 'normal' one, and I only came out after I left the South family. My sister has always been in control of this body..."

Keira asked, "So why are you in control of the body now?"

"Because of hunger."

Sean let out a wry smile. "The feeling of hunger is just unbearable. My sister didn't want to experience that, so she let me take control. Over the years, I've been searching all over the world for someone who could feed me. It's true

that you saved my life! If it weren't for you back in Oceanion, I would've starved to death."

Keira looked at him. "So, you were that powerful in Country A, too?"

"Yeah, I paid so many taxes to Monbatten, how could he not treat me like a VIP?" Sean smiled slyly at Jenkins. "Some people just can't get the king's favor."

Jenkins was speechless.

Thinking back to the tough years and how one little joke from Clownfish made her afraid to return home, her fists clenched!

But then—oh no, she was too scared to even look at her. Eyes gouged out... Ugh...

She glanced at Erin.

Erin was just as anxious, feeling a deep, unrelenting itch to know what Clownfish really looked like, and, of course, how could she not want to enjoy some pistachios while they were at it?

Keira continued, "So, are you willing to cooperate with me?"

Sean chuckled. "What other choice do I have? You're my bread and butter, my ATM."

Keira didn't know what to say.

Sean paused. "Actually, it's not just about getting our support. You also need the support of the kings of all the nations! If Country A backs you, you'll have the strength to rival that guy from M country."

Keira frowned. "My father already handled the negotiations."

"That's just a business deal," Sean said with a grin. "Monbatten's biggest issue is his heirs. If you could have a child connected to him, that's when you'd truly be bound together."

825 Chapter 824

Keira couldn't help but laugh. "His condition is incurable—how could his offspring possibly be connected to me?"

Sean spoke up, "I overheard him say once that he met a woman in Clance years ago. There's a chance he left a child behind."

Sean chuckled. "I suspect that Monbatten's ongoing issues with having heirs may be tied to that woman."

Keira blinked in confusion. "What makes you think that?"

Erin's ears perked up. This was juicy gossip—she had to hear this!

Jenkins and Erin exchanged a quick glance before both of them subtly shuffled closer, inching towards Sean and Keira, eager to eavesdrop.

But then Sean's cold voice cut through the air. "Do you two need to press your ears to my mouth?"

Erin immediately looked up at him, a cheeky smile playing on her lips. "Can we?"

Sean's gaze turned icy. "Sure... if you want to keep your ears."

Erin froze.

This guy hadn't changed a bit since childhood.

She glared at him, but he merely pointed toward the door.

"What I'm about to say isn't for your ears. You can leave now."

Without hesitation, Erin shot back, "What could possibly be so bad that I can't hear it?"

She shot Keira a pleading look, trying to win her sympathy.

Keira remained calm, responding flatly, "I trust them."

Sean let out a derisive laugh. "You know, women's words are the least trustworthy! I don't even trust my sister. Why would I trust either of them?"

Erin and Jenkins shot him a glare, their cheeks puffed up with indignation.

Sean barely glanced at them, and they both quickly averted their eyes, standing up straighter.

Erin cleared her throat. "Actually, I just realized—I'm kind of hungry. I think I'll go grab a bite in the kitchen... Not because I'm scared of you, though!"

Jenkins coughed lightly. "I'll come with you."

The two made a quick exit to the kitchen.

Keira sighed, watching them go.

This guy really had a way of making people cower.

She had never seen Erin so flustered, and as for Jenkins, well, she was used to her acting weak whenever it suited her.

Keira turned her attention back to Sean. "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Sean gave a casual shrug. "I'm just saying, if years ago, when Monbatten was still young and didn't want kids, a woman spent the night with him and ended up pregnant, what do you think she'd do if she wanted her child to inherit the throne of Country A?"

Keira's eyes widened. "She'd make sure Monbatten could never have children again!"

Sean raised his eyebrows and shrugged. "Exactly."

Keira frowned. "But it's not like any woman can guarantee a pregnancy on the first try!" Nôv(el)B\jnn

Sean scoffed. "Are you really that naive, or did you just not think about it?"

Keira paused, slightly taken aback.

Sean leaned in, lowering his voice. "As long as the sperm's healthy, even if she didn't get pregnant the first time, she could freeze it and try again. Either way, Monbatten's sperm back then would be very different from what he has now."

Keira's frown deepened. "Why would someone go to all that trouble?"

Sean raised a brow. "Well, that's something you'd have to ask the woman herself... I'm just throwing out a theory here."

Keira took a deep breath.

Sean continued. "So, all you'd need to do is find that woman, take her child, and tell Monbatten that the child is either yours or belongs to someone close to you. Then, this whole thing would be wrapped up."

Keira stared at him in disbelief.

"Steal someone else's child?"

She was almost speechless.

The audacity of this man—he could suggest something like that so nonchalantly?

But at the same time, her mind suddenly froze. "You said Monbatten met this woman in Clance?"

Sean nodded.

Keira's heart skipped a beat. A suspicion was starting to form in her mind.

She suddenly remembered that when she was trying to gain the Martin family's support, she had discovered that her maternal grandmother

was the first love of old Mr. Martin. Her mother, Jodie South, was Mr. Martin's daughter. That connection had naturally tied her to the Martin family.

Then, when she needed the Olsen family's backing, she found out that her mother, Jodie, had been in a relationship with Uncle Olsen. Despite her success in aligning with Clance's five major families, it was clear that her connection to the Olsen name had given her leverage.

And now, she needed to build a relationship with Monbatten, a man with hundreds of women in his harem, but no heirs.

What if Monbatten only had one heir...?

Keira's eyes shot toward the second floor, where Amy was playing, a thought beginning to form in her mind.

826 Chapter 825

Keira stared at Amy in disbelief.

Amy had been glued to the TV, pointing at Monbatten and calling him "Dad" over and over. For such a timid, shy child, she had somehow summoned the courage to insist on accompanying them to meet him.

These peculiarities... Could it be?

Keira tightened her jaw, her mind racing to shut out a thought she was too afraid to entertain.

Her eyes flicked to Lewis.

Her memory wandered back to the inexplicable day they'd gotten married—an arrangement orchestrated by her sister.

At the time, her sister had claimed it was to protect her.

But looking at it now, was it really protection? Or had her sister known all along about Lewis's connections overseas and orchestrated the union to secure a political alliance?

From her grandmother to her mother, down to Keera, and perhaps even herself—was this all part of some grand, invisible game for control of the South family?

Were they all pawns, moved across the chessboard without realizing it?

Keira's heart thudded wildly in her chest. For a brief moment, it felt as though her entire life had been tangled in conspiracies—a web tightening around her, leaving no escape.

She drew in a shaky breath.

"What's on your mind?" Sean Church's calm voice broke her reverie.

Keira lowered her eyes. "Nothing. Just wondering—if I somehow forged an unbreakable bond with Monbatten, would you really side with me?"

Sean let out a bitter laugh. "Do you know what it's like to be starving?"

Keira blinked, caught off guard.

Sean continued, his voice soft but heavy. "When you're truly starving, to the point where the thought of food makes you sick, it's worse than dying. My sister gave up control of this body because the hunger—the pain—it was unbearable for her."

He chuckled darkly. "You saved my life when you helped me eat again. Without you, I'd probably be dead by now."

Keira listened, her eyes drifting toward his stomach.

For someone who had just eaten, it no longer seemed flat and hollow, but his frail frame, the almost skeletal appearance of his hands, and even his once-gorgeous face, now gaunt, told the story of someone teetering on the edge.

She nodded slowly. She could relate.

She had often gone hungry as a child in the Olsen household.

Back then, when Jodie South gave her a single biscuit, it had felt like salvation—a moment she would never forget.

Seeing her understanding, Sean pressed on. "So, even if things with Monbatten don't work out, I'll still back you. But I think you've overlooked one very basic issue."

"What issue?"

Sean smirked. "More and more people know you're not Keera. You don't have her memories or her account with the South family. Competing to become their heir in your condition is dangerous."

Sean laughed. "You realize that each of us has a unique account, right? Like an ID. You need a password to access it, and only the real owner can verify it. That's why no one would ever share their password—it's their lifeline. Some people even go as far as changing their appearance after leaving the South family, but their account always remains their true identity."

Keira's brows furrowed deeper. "I've already searched every corner of the South family estate. My sister didn't leave anything behind. That account and password are impossible to recover."

"Who said that?" Sean countered.

Keira froze.

Sean leaned in slightly. "Your sister might not have shared her account details, but her mother would know. And she's still in the South family."

"You mean Keera's adoptive mother?" Keira asked cautiously.

"Exactly," Sean replied. "A three-year-old wouldn't know their own password. It's always held by the parents."

Realization dawned on Keira's face. "So you're saying..."

"In twenty days, the South family estate will open its gates for a short visit. That'll be your chance to find the password."

Keira clenched her jaw.

Twenty days. She had already planned to use that opportunity to rescue Jodie South from the estate.

Sean seemed to read her thoughts and gave her a wry smile. "Actually, Jodie's safest where she is now. She won't be harmed inside the South estate, but outside? Things could get dangerous. Until you've secured your position as the next heir, I'd advise you to leave her there."

Keira lowered her head. "I'll think about it."

"Good. Now let's figure out the real challenge," Sean said, leaning back. "How do we get Monbatten to acknowledge Amy?"

Keira looked up at him, her lips curving into a sly smile. "We can't just hand Amy over to him. That would make us look desperate, like we're scheming for something. No, I'll make sure Amy appears before Monbatten... as prey he can't resist."